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Drawn To You

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153 6 10

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

You spend your days as a drawing (a scribble, more like), and it's tough. Your artist isn't particularly skilled, being five years old and all. But tonight, you are going to be the greatest lover known to man or woman alike.

And you're not going to let the color seeping out of your lines nor your jagged hair stop you from getting the action you so crave.

Chapter 2 by Marcos Raygoza



So you set off for the adventure of your lifetime seeking for fun and or the love of your life. You gotten weapons such as a sword drawn by your artist and a lasso. But then you realize, you're stuck in this one sheet of copy paper. No where to go and no where to explore. In this world of white and only white, you kneel down sobbing for adventure.

Chapter 3 by BulletRefute



And then your artist draws a castle.

It's tall.

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Big.

Granted, it's not so great. But your artist did it. There is a door waiting for you to open it.

So you head for it.

And then your artist decides to draw a moat with crocodiles around the castle.

There's no bridge, either.

Chapter 4 by the writer of the earth



The artist draws a pencil, now you can draw! You think on what on what to draw. What about the artist himself?!

Chapter 5 by Harriet Jones, MP, Flydale North



You draw the artist in great detail. In all honesty, you are a much better artist than your creator. By the time you finish, he looks just as realistic on this 2D sheet as he looks when he's hovering over it. As soon as you finish the last detail, he comes to life. He looks around for a second, looks at you in awe ... and then begins to cry.

You throw the pencil down and grab him by the shoulders.

"Look, kid--"

"My name is WESLEY!" he screams through his sobs.

"Okay, fine ... *Wesley*, what is inside that castle? I need to know what I'm getting into before I brave this moat."

"I WANT MY MOMMY!" Wesley throws himself into the ground and into a full-blown temper tantrum.

You realize that you are on your own because the creator of this world is practically still in diapers. How is he going to understand you? How is he going to eventually procreate at a time like this?

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"Screw it," you say as you ...
You look around frantically, ...
smiling at you.

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Chapter 6 by SaintSayaka



You carefully approach the creature who you hope will be your new friend.

"Hey, girlie, do you mind if..."

"Make me a part of your harem," she says decisively, pencil firmly embedded in mouth. Really, it came out more like "Mmeke me a pert of ur ayrum," but you got the idea.

"...wait, what?"

"You and I both know what you're looking for. When the time comes, give me a call. Otherwise, no pencil, and it's your head in-between my teeth - and not in a good way. And don't even think about forgetting this little conversation. I'll be watching."

You blink. Well, you always did want to go a bit out of your comfort zone. "No problem," you finally say.

She nods, and spits out the pencil. "I'll make sure the girls don't attack you and the kid. Be seeing you soon."

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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